

## SPRING

*Robert Stewart*

Straight from the streets, the daytime streets of town,  
streets walled with weariness, paved with complaints  
because each thought and action there is foreseen,  
I met with a wonder, three illogical saints  
singing and singing upon the public green  
in the path of a feeding robin that flew down.

Straight from the streets, the daytime streets of town,  
ran champagne's monk, benign Dom Perignon,  
"Come quick and come quick because I am drinking stars  
it is Cana's feast, bring girls, bring boys on,"  
and he began to fill the empty jars  
in the path of a feeding robin that flew down.

Straight from the streets, the daytime streets of town,  
another ran, moon-stricken stark and mad,  
"My box of books divide among my friends,"  
his death having filled a heart such as Sidney had,  
he tossed and turned some dog-eared odds and ends  
in the path of a feeding robin that flew down.

Straight from the streets, the daytime streets of town,  
came on a cavalier of cavaliers,  
"Be courteous, my strong brother, beautiful fire,"  
and the fierce brand which faced him filled with tears  
beyond his expectation or desire  
in the path of a feeding robin that flew down.

Straight from the streets, the daytime streets of town,  
life's starlight, moonlight, firelight in love's sun  
which fetches spring at the latter end of March  
blended with their full singing into one  
miraculous keystone's luminous springing arch  
in the path of a feeding robin that flew down.